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cellence of the play. So let us be contented with what we have got, and not ask, in *Oliver Twistian* spirit, for "more."

The first act introduces all the more important characters of the play, and a most beautiful scene of English country life. In the distance the village church, in the foreground an English homestead with the barns and outhouses; here is the faithful watch-dog, there the farmer's horse quietly nibbles his repast of hay, the laborers are threshing out the grain in the barn, a pump (with real water) is beside the homestead door, pigeons are perched upon the roofs of the buildings, flowers are growing in the garden, and all breathes of the pure atmosphere of home and the country.

In the second act we have the objectionable prison scene. Here I lose all patience, so shall say nothing.

Acts third and fourth are devoted to the Australian episode of the story. The scene of the third act is not particularly noticeable, being the interior of a log hut, nicely painted, but nothing out of the common run. In the fourth act, however, is given one of the most intricate and excellently painted scenes that I have seen this long time. It is a rocky glen in Australia, with waterfall and rivulet by moonlight, changing gradually to darkness, daylight and bright sunshine, the whole thing is a perfect *chef d'œuvre*, and on the first night called forth long and continued applause.

The last act is not marked by any great display of scenic art, and merely serves to end the story, which by this time has become rather tangled. A new idea has struck me in dramatic criticism. The human race are in many things like sheep, and will, as a general thing, follow their leader; art critics in noticing pictures take them up one by one, according to their numbers in a catalogue, why should not this same rule be carried out with regard to actors? Inspired with this stupendous idea, I shall carry it out in criticising the characters in "Never too Late to Mend."

1. George Fielding—Mr. Frederic Robinson. One of the most enjoyable pieces of acting that Mr. Robinson has yet given us, quiet, sensible, and perfectly true to life throughout.

2. Isaac Levi—Mr. Jno. Gilbert. Why won't Mr. Gilbert play something badly? It is becoming almost monotonous to be constantly praising him, but he is so thoroughly excellent in every part that he undertakes that it is next to impossible to do otherwise.

3. Thomas Robinson—Mr. C. Fisher. Another one of Mr. Fisher's delicious pieces of character acting, good from beginning to end, even the dismal prison scene is rendered almost acceptable by the gentleman's excellent rendition of the erring but repentant thief.

4. Mr. Meadows—Mr. Mark Smith. Mr. Smith does not seem to have caught the true spirit of the part; a careful study of the novel would do him great good.

5. Josephs—Miss Mary Barrett. Truthfully, and as a natural consequence, painfully acted.

6. Hawes—Mr. Geo. Holland. Dear old Holland! His honest, jovial face does not seem at all at home in this disagreeable part, yet the true artist shines out in bright colors nevertheless.

7. Jacky—Mr. Young. Too prominent; when Mr. Young has toned down his boisterousness

and eccentricities a little the part will be most excellent.

8. Peter Crawley—Mr. Holston. By all odds the best piece of acting that Mr. Holston has yet given, he fully realizes the character as drawn by the master hand of Mr. Reade, the scene in the last act is particularly noticeable for its intensity and thrilling naturalness.

9. Mr. Eden—Mr. B. T. Ringgold. Mr. Ringgold is improving rapidly, and gives us here a quiet and natural picture of the good-hearted, energetic clergyman.

10. Susan Merton—Miss Henriques. A small part, but most sweetly and delicately rendered.

The other characters are, for the most part, well acted, and tend to make "Never too Late to Mend" one of the great successes of the season.

Through some inadvertence nearly half of the "Dramatic Review" for last week was omitted. It is needless for me to say that the public lost a great literary treat (!) Under the circumstances, I can but offer them the sincere commiseration of their humble and devoted servant and admirer.

SHUGGE.

#### RAPHAEL AND MICHAEL ANGELO.\*

(Continued from page 38.)

From the time, when Raphael died, the collection of artists' letters contains nothing from the hand of Michael Angelo. His first three letters bear the dates of 1496, 1504, and 1529; they embrace a long period of time, his youth, his first stay at Rome, and the tumults in Florence, after which he entered, a second time, in Rome, upon that period of his life, during which, reigning as sovereign in the realm of art, he issued work upon work up to the time of his death. From this epoch numerous letters are handed down; from it the most of his poems proceed, and in particular, for the most part, to these later years of his life belongs what has been preserved concerning him by his contemporaries.

The first letter, of July 2, 1496, announces his arrival in Rome. Born in 1474, he was now in his twenty second year; he had already, however, accomplished much. His whole life was a continuous battle against men and circumstances,—a battle which took its rise on his first entrance upon his career as artist. While yet a child at school, he passed all his leisure hours in drawing. No advice, no punishment, could divert him from this inclination. He overcame the opposition of his father, and at his fourteenth year took lessons from Domenico Ghirlandajo. His friendship with the young Granacci, who was learning painting at the same time, led him into the studio of this master. He made astonishing progress. An example of his style and manner has been preserved, showing how his aptitude, and at the same time, his character, were early displayed. One of his fellow-students had received one of Ghirlandajo's drapery-studies to copy. Michael Angelo took the sheet and improved with his own touches the drawing and the style of the teacher. Granacci preserved the drawing, and sent it afterwards to Vasari, who, sixteen years later, laid it again before Michael Angelo. The latter, laughing, recognized the work, and added, "At that time, I understood more of art than to-day."

This desire to try his skill upon work not his own, and to come into competition with others,

\* From the German of HERMANN GRIMM.

often returned to him. It was a gratification to him, as it were, to try on all practicable occasions the extent of his ability,—a kind of haughty joy in the consciousness of power. When he felt that it was his right to be first, he was not willing to appear second. There is concealed in this striving an ebullition of professional emulation. It was based not simply upon the gratification of self-conscious superiority; he was determined that the public should acknowledge this superiority; he was determined that it should know that he understood more than all others. He demanded no vantage-ground; but he insisted upon justice. Schiller experienced something of this impulse when he so severely criticised Burger's and Matthison's poems and Goethe's *Egmont*. He dealt, in this, with the works in question, not with the persons, while Goethe, when in his youthful years he attacked Wieland, had the man, and only sub-ordinately his works, in view. Though Michael Angelo, however, was jealously regardful of his position, yet the thought was foreign to his soul that, to be great, others must be depreciated. He assisted many an artist in their labors; he made drawings for their pictures; he gave them good advice as to how they might improve. Had a greater artist than he appeared, had he been forced to confess in his inmost heart "This one is stronger than thou," he would not have waited a moment to give utterance to what he thought. How true this is, the anecdote which De Thou has preserved in his memoirs will illustrate. It shows that the pride of the great master was of another sort than that self-gratification which often distinguishes limited minds, and his modesty sprang from a clearer source than from that delusive self-depreciation of inferior natures, which strive to entice praise from the lips of those, in comparison with whom they find fault with themselves.

De Thou was visiting Mantua, where the Princess Isabelle D'Este displayed to him and others the art treasures of her palace, among them a Cupid, a work in marble, by Michael Angelo. After the company had contemplated it a long time admiringly, a second statue standing near was unveiled,—a work of antique art. The two were now compared, and every one was ashamed of having rated so high the work of the Florentine. The antique was yet covered with traces of the earth, in which it had lain; but it seemed to be instinct with life, while the other was only a lifeless stone. Then, however the observers were assured that Michael Angelo had urgently prayed the princess never to show his work except in connection with the Grecian one, and, in truth, after this unusual manner, in order that connoisseurs might judge how far the ancient art surpassed the modern.

#### ART AND SCIENCE.

A very lively writer in the London *Art Journal* makes a vigorous onset upon certain views which seem to favor the intrusion of Science into the domain of Art. We apprehend that the writer mistakes the position of the Scientists or Positivists, however they may be termed, and that what he so eloquently urges in favor of the due subordination of details will meet with no gainsaying from their ranks. The positive spirit must not be confounded with the matter-of-fact spirit or no-spirit, as it may better be termed. But hear our essayist:

My own ideas of Art much differing from others now frequently put forth (else it were superfluous

to add them), it may be well, before proceeding, to give some explanation of their principles. First, then, and fundamentally, my creed, in the words of Coleridge, is, that poetry is the proper antithesis to science, and that the Fine Art of painting, being "mute poetry," stands in the same category, appealing to and exercising the same higher faculties. Art, therefore, and *Imitation* (especially considering the turn English painting has lately taken), are the two opposing terms most in favor with me for the present. Art, as the very word implies, signifying adjustment, contrivance, ingenuity, works of indiscriminate imitation, or even of mere scientific truth, had, we consider, better watchfully be set aside from works of Art, for those especially who care only for literal facts, and the accumulation of knowledge within the limits of science; the finer Art, with written poetry, being reserved for those who, believing that the Almighty has endowed his human creatures with imagination, ideality, and even with the power of conceiving beautiful things peculiar to the human brain, desire, particularly and warmly, to see those faculties exercised, too, and in painting as their direct means with regard to form and color. Our own former Art was so far richer in these more intellectual gifts and graces, that in our last Great Exhibition the advance from our paintings of the present day to those of our forefathers (inverse in position to the order of their dates), was an advance from Matter to Mind, from the killing letter to the vivifying spirit, in a singularly well-graduated *crescendo*. Formerly, England had several truly great and many delightful artists, men of poetic passion in their art, and finest sensibility, who painted bright fancies and tender emotions, and humors delicate and refined; but of late, what with the great ebbing after a highly-gifted and impassioned period, an ascetic mediæval revival, and the materialism of prevailing and engrossing Science, and of luxurious, careless Mammonism, the old liberal imaginative faith has languished; and a cramped, one-sided view of Nature has dissociated from her the human mind, as if that were no part of Nature, or God's work. When the only critical writer of popularizing power cried out, *I want not fancies but facts; give me more facts*, he pronounced, unhappily, we needs must think, so far as in him lay a sentence of death against Art, which innumerable, crude, mindless young men, much better employed at desk, or farm, or even counter work, have since been laboring hard to execute. The idealizing faculty, "the simple, the sensuous, the impassioned" (those elements which Milton declares to be the essentials of poetry), being deprecatd, and even denounced, and mere matter exalted, (for a dainty, dismal purism, the most morbidly human thing of all, must never be confounded with spiritual life), we have been left alone to compile external facts together, by dint of mere hard-staring eyes, ministered to by new-fangled smatterings of all the ologies; the sense of beauty, grace, elegance, harmony, liberal pathos, and humor, well nigh faded away; and a deadly blight of super-moralizing, fatal to every manlier growth, contracting every nobler virtuous instinct into a petty self-conscious pedantry, meanwhile hovering in the air.

The nature of our great general decline in Art may, we consider, be compendiously styled a descent from the Conceptive to the Imitative, from the Subjective to the Objective, a preponderance of Matter over Mind, pretty nearly an idolatry of

the mere physical material of facts, natural and archæological, and a narrow sectarian (may we correctly add Spurgeonian? we scarcely know) depreciation of those great gifts, imagination, fancy, invention, and distinctively human feeling and sentiment, as if they were mere sources of idle fiction, falsehood and vain sensuality, and not, even likewise, the very heart and soul of Nature, where alone her grace, her life, and spirit may be found. Broadly distinguished from the physical truths of science, the truths of Art are mental impressions of the objects rather than the objects themselves in their completeness; and these are truths as positive and actual as any the mere factist can understand as such, only psychological, and not simply geological, botanical, or aërological, as the case may be. For it is not all that is before the outer glass of the eye, but only that which is drawn by consciousness inwards to the sentient mirror of the brain, that we actually see; and this consciousness is much directed by knowledge and feeling. The very eye of mind selects—elects that which accords with its moods (whether the grand, the lovely, the pathetic), and overlooks the inconsiderable objects out of harmony with them; and to represent this intellectual abstraction, emphasizing the better features, and skillfully subordinating or omitting the rest, is to give the truth of feeling, the truth of Art, as distinguished from mere vulgar factism, and that which, in a picture, is only a very little more respectable—the mere structural particulars of science. This great elementary distinction our English painters have of late been curiously forgetting, quite Vandalically violating. In a pathetic love tale, where the young Black Brunswicker is hero, Mr. Millais keeps us oscillating between sympathy and satin; Cordelia Coped in gems reminds one of Harry Emmanuel rather than of Shakspeare, her sweet, filial love being coldly, tiresomely out-glittered; and in our Waterloo Fresco in the House of Lords, which we, with our own ears, have heard an A. R. A. pronounce the finest fresco ever painted, the engines, trappings, and accoutrements of war quite outstare the frozen heroism—the strange Germanized, or more properly, the wild, Celtic phantasms who represent our genial and warm-blooded British heroism. Commonly, in the absence or extreme feebleness of a ruling idea (monarchical or presidential), there is, nowadays, a disorderly mob of insurrectionary details; nothing is secondary, nought principal; the relative importance of things is lost; and the painter abdicates his proper functions of a guide to nature, to point out to us that which is most worthy of her, in her multifarious and many-sided aspects. And our crudely matter-of-fact landscapists are too often parallel, in loading their works with material better omitted, and seeing everything but the leading graces and harmonies, which blend and unite the whole, and, with a stealthy subtlety, compose the charm of a refined character.

But the great artist not only selects. Exquisitely, in a sort, he humanizes the objects of his contemplation, by impressing on them a tenderness and grandeur peculiarly his own, making them intimate the thoughts and feelings with which they inspired him. In the highest instances, gloriously he transfigures them by means of this his own style; and it is its subtle and inexplicable harmony with nature, in which nothing is violated, but everything marked, not only by feeling, taste, and judgement, but by a delightful personality—it is this perfect marriage between

matter and mind, that constitutes the fullest and the most perfect Art. In this sense, all great artists are determined mannerists. Michael Angelo, Raphael, Rubens, and Rembrandt (the four most powerful of the painters, as we believe), and Turner, declare, yea, flash themselves out on us at the first glimpse; and if critics, instead of finding in the word "mannerism" a mere substitute for ideas, had distinguished between a bad and a good manner, fog most voluminous had been dissipated, or rather averted. The genius of Turner, in painting this Baian loveliness all about us here, lies in the uncompromised harmony between his mind and whatsoever is beautiful in nature, in the transfusion of his own peculiar spirit and personality, his style, into whatever he painted. This is what is meant by subjective Art; and thus is exemplified the words in that lecture of Coleridge, which, unforgotten, might have saved us years of purblind delusion and loss of time in these matters, declaring that "Art is of a middle quality between a thought and a thing, or the union and reconciliation of that which is nature with that which is exclusively human." And Mr. Ruskin's magnificent and admirable rhapsodies on Turner's truthfulness reach not, could not reach, this the supreme point of all, which is, not his truthfulness, but his *Turnerishness*. The finest facsimile of nature could have it not, it being something from within. The pencil is not only eloquent, impassioned, but has a charming individuality; a spirit of a high order, that of a graphic Byron or Shelley, being in it; painting not merely the scene, but its best workings on an intellect whose movements are operations of the great laws of beauty, and alone discover and impart their operation in nature. But now, with much executive and imitative cleverness, with graphic Shens-tones and Bloomfields plentiful as blackberries, much clever sea, and with an operetta order of Italian picturesqueness, which would be highly honorable to the Strand theaters, what time one looks for the *corps-de-ballet*, and a boat with a fine rouged and curled Tenor in it, we have no landscape Art of this high epical class. Mere matter and trick are in the ascendant; and the graces of personality, or style, are so little thought of, that the most minute and anxious facsimiles of trees, and rocks, and skies, commonly bear the unmistakable impress of cold, narrow, uneducated minds, indicating that some subtle falsity lurks under all this labored pretence of truth, and that, after all, their painter is "subjective," too, but in a bad sense, and unconsciously.

And also if our painters and critics better marked the vital distinction between Art and Science, there would be less risk of Science destroying poor Art than unhappily exists at present. Distinctly different are their purposes. Science carefully specifying the physical organization, Art, rather, respects the living results, and the veil with which Nature herself assiduously hides her framework; the scientific draughtsman particularly liking to display what Nature particularly likes to conceal. Science giving the letter, Art's province is rather the spirit and life, the air, the style, the *je ne sais quoi* (if I may be permitted the expression); and if these are rendered, we may thankfully overlook a certain degree of inaccuracy in matters merely scientific. The horses of the Elgin Frieze would probably simply educe the superciliousness of Tattersall's, in consequence of their glorious Hellenic mannerism, and anatomical oversights; and yet anything su-

perative in horses and horsemanship ever reminds one of them alone, never of Mr. Herring, surely. The spirit, the *style* is there. The scientific philosopher, a great Progressionist, who thinks we are in little better than our nebular incipency, and whose *Novissimum Organum* (embodied in his Australian lectures), indicating (with all other things) the vast future Art-evolution, or development is to show what poor mere sucklings in Art our "great old masters" were, on ardent praise of Raphael, spares only now and then, from courteous pity, his short laugh of contempt, disposing of the painter to his own contentment, by such a dictum as that his anatomy is false—in his figure of Ananias, for instance. That may be, or *may not*; but the *style* the expressive position, turn, and air of a fine human limb, the great artistic points are there. And, on the other hand, drawing praised by scientific men is sometimes artistically most defective, from its want of that vitality and grace, which the most ignorant of science may clearly, tenderly, see to be in nature. And on this question, we consider it may be laid down as an axiom, that, *in a picture, an error against science is but a second-class error*; errors against expression, character, beauty, and harmony, being the only first-class ones. And here, we believe, some division of labor must ultimately be acquiesced in thankfully. Perfect Art and perfect Science combined, would surely be a field too wide for one brief human life; and if one must in some degree be sacrificed, should it not be the more foreign element? And besides, the highest consideration remains behind; would the severe and minute analytical toil needful to perfect Science be compatible with those habits of imaginative feeling, and its dry demonstrations with the free play of invention, and tender sentiment primarily indispensable to Art, as *mula poesis*? We fear not. Too much imitation supersedes feeling and invention; and we can, we think, trace the decline of minds among us, originally of pathetic power, to an excess of devotion to the objects supplied to our historic painters by Wardourstreet, and by Lewis and Allenby. Similar mischief, in its degree, would, we fear, follow a disproportioned value of scientific considerations. The Physiologist, the Psychologist, and Æsthete combined, the leading note in the present passage of the mighty *crescendo*, from the baby past to the immeasurable future, is absolutely powerless to perceive the majesty, the beauty, and the Shakspearean expressiveness of Raphael's Cartoons. Quite plainly, he has no sense of the beautiful, no tenderness *in his intellect* (we do not say in his heart), apprehensive of those fine feelings and harmonies, which here are all in all. To him, majesty and dignity are a dead letter, or worse, a mere rag of the oligarchical past, grace and elegance, but fine-ladyism.

Reynolds (most various, most rich in moods and humors of portrait painters), and Gainsborough (with all his subtle witchery of feeling and of pencil), he sums up as capable of little but frivolity and affectation, assuming, it surely needs must follow, that these painters thoroughly approved of all the airs and graces they painted, with no vein of delicate and sprightly satire in them; and as if Lady Betty Modely should have been idealized into a model utilitarian woman, with a face stoically indurated by all the ologies, cast into iron lines by the very energy of grimmest duty. When before those august Cartoons, which veritably seem, like the Histories they adorn, inspired, he cannot extricate himself, or rise to them, from

some insignificant oversight in a detail, or something at variance with a huge universal-development theory of his own, expressed in an organic phraseology, which would, we doubt not, have made the tremendous noddle of Michael Angelo Buonarroti himself turn round, in its vain endeavors to apply it to the particular subject; and this, we think, does not augur well of the ultimate effects of Science itself on Art. Not that we should have dwelt so much on these opinions, had they not, unhappily, been widely prevalent. Some recent criticisms in highly-regarded periodicals, propounding the doctrine that the admiration for these Cartoons is a delusion, are even horribly Cimmerian, worthy of those ingenious and business-like savages, the Anthropophagi, who carried their heads in their pockets.

The anticipated effects of Madam Science on landscape painting, were marked amusingly in a criticism in Blackwood, on one of Mr. E. W. Cooke's pictures. "Mr. Hamerton, in his *Painter's Camp*, has justly observed that the progressive element in our Art is the scientific, not the poetic." (Which, according to our view, would be as much as to say that the progressive element in our *poetry* is the scientific, not the poetic). "And this landscape by Mr. Cooke is indeed true to the science of geology, and accords with the laws whereby the strata of the giant rock have been first laid down, and then upheaved—true to the science of statics, by which vast bodies rest in repose; true to the science of dynamics, by which every wave of the ocean moves in cadence. Such is the science of nature, which becomes the science of Art, and in turn is transfused into poetry; and in this science known and fitly applied, is the progress of our landscape school made sure." The critic here seems to us true to the trick and fashion of word-smothering pedantry. But only think, my dear professor of aesthetics, how such language would sound when applied to a similarly scientific representation of a human face, terming it true to the science of osteology, whereby the bones, &c., to the science of myology, whereby the muscles, &c., to the science of angi-ology, whereby the blood-vessels, &c., and finally, true to the sciences of neurology and splanchnology, whereby the nerves and organs of sensation and respiration perform their various functions with so marvelous an economy. It might be all this, with something of statics too, in the pose of the figure, and of dynamics in the flow of the wind-unravelled hair, and yet a wretched performance, destitute of every condition needful to tolerable picture; and, on the other hand, a face in a work of Art may be very unscientifically heavenly, like Francia's sorrowing, and Fra Beato's rejoicing angels. And indeed, as it almost certainly would be in that omniscient head, *because* of those various endowments, so it often actually is with these scientific rocks, and pedantic precipices, in which their masonry and not their architecture is given; like the drawing of one who in portraying a Gothic cathedral (or say St. Owen's for instance) should think anxiously of the mere lie of the stones, and make feeble rude work, or what Mrs. Siddons in her unsuccessful modelling called "whibble-whabble," of porch, and lantern tower, and pinnacle. The unscientific ignorance, with the artistic knowledge, and true feeling of Salvator and Gaspar Poussin, painters so one-sidedly scorned in the recent great æsthetical triumph of words over things, of new knowledge over old feeling, of pedantry over poetry, how incomparably more interesting and

stirring to the imagination! And then the latter part of that Blackwood criticism, all about the science of Nature becoming the science of Art, and being transfused into poetry! The easy brevity of these words is a fine antithesis to the enormous obstructions and remoteness between the matters so plausibly set forth as naturally sequent. Here logic leaps like the wild kid, outstepping even everything tabled of seven-league boots. For Science, instead of naturally germinating into Art and Poetry, comes from sources in opposition rather, more's the exceeding pity, and so far antagonistic, that she, of her own motion, inclines coldly, narrowly, to play the tyrant over her fair elder sister, and forbid her finer graces which arise from freedom of fancy, devotion to the beautiful, tender impassioned sympathies, humors, sentiments, and a thousand gifts of mind with which Science has so little concern, that her habits of dry analysis and demonstration leave little room for their encouragement.

(To be Continued.)

### MUSICAL REVIEW.

CANTICA SACRA; or, Hymns for the Children of the Catholic Church. Set to original music by Rev. J. H. Cornell. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

This collection of original hymns is intended for the use of the children of the Catholic Church, and is, by its simplicity and clearness, well adapted for such service. The want of a collection of hymns which should be within the compass and the ability of little singers to accomplish, and should yet be of a character to elevate the taste, has long been acknowledged by all Catholic authorities. This want has been ably supplied in the present volume. One point of excellence in this book is, that the music is written to the words, thus insuring between the words and music, a perfect union of sentiment. In ordinary hymn books, tunes are used to any words of the same meter, irrespective of uncongeniality of sentiment.

The music throughout the "Cantica Sacra" is excellent. The melodies are simple and flowing, and, in almost all instances, diatonic. The tunes have individual character, embodying the various sentiments and emotions. They are sorrowful, penitential or jubilant; now tender, and now strong, but each sentiment or emotion well defined. All the tunes are well harmonized and with a view to simplicity, but the Rev. Father Cornell is so excellent an harmonist that he has combined richness with simplicity, and has produced a book suitable for children and unaccomplished organists, and also acceptable, from its intrinsic excellence, to the profession. The book contains over a hundred hymns, with duplicate, but appropriate words, suited to all the occasions of the Roman Catholic service, and neatly bound. It is published with the approbation of the Bishop of Boston, Mass., whose recommendation, added to its superior merits, should insure its general adoption in all Catholic communities.

TE DEUM IN F. By H. Kotschmar. New York: Beer & Schirmer.

This is an easy Te Deum and well calculated for general circulation. The objection to Te Deums in general is their extreme length, caused by a frequent repetition of the words. This repetition of words, which would not occur in reading, seems necessary to render the musical forms round and complete. A change of character and sentiment occurs in every verse, which the music has to follow, and the difficulty is to compress these changing musical ideas into the briefest possible shape in conformity with the arbitrary rules of musical form. To do this, in completing the musical ideas, renders some repetition compulsory, and